Scalpel

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Scalpel

by littlemisslawyer

Summary

Hannibal was just promoted as Chief of Surgery in Johns Hopkins and was tasked to look for a legacy, an intern that he would personally teach and place under his wing. He also have to deal with the new Cardiothoracic head that would replace him from his previous post. Enter Will Graham, a seemingly introverted doctor, who happens to be Hannibal's type. Chaotic romance ensures.

Notes

For Extinction... who taught me many things in writing /winkwink/. Thanks Doll!

(Not Beta proof)

See the end of the work for more notes

Collide

Hannibal Lecter has been a doctor for the past ten years, and on that past decade, he has proven his worth. He worked his ass off, impressing several hospitals; many of them courted him on becoming part of their residency program. But Hannibal Lecter chose to be on Johns Hopkins, in the cold Baltimore, Maryland.

He prospered in their program, having been awarded on his third year, with an Albert Lasker Award. He was then promoted to Chief Surgeon, the youngest ever been, and is now tasked on handling the teaching program. This year would be a bit different than the last, because now that he is the Chief, everyone would be looking at him, expecting him to solve each and every problem, and of course, the handling of the neophytes they call themselves as doctors.

He sighed as he found out that he was supposed to choose a student, to whom he would personally teach, a legacy of some sort. He paused, looking himself at the mirror of his new office and fixed his Windsor. A knock pulled him from his reverie, and answered with a soft 'Come in'.

Dr. Bedelia du Maurier entered with all her posh glory under the white coat. She is Hannibal's only friend, the only one he considers anyway. They have been together since their intern days, Bedelia specializing in neonatal surgery while he opted for cardiothoracic. They have been competing since day one, a competition that made them friends.

Many have pegged them as a power couple, they quashed the rumors when Hannibal announced, loudly at that, that he prefers dicks than vaginas, while drunk on the annual Doctor-Nurses party. Though many nurses and doctors got their hearts broken that night, they somehow made it their mission to look for the perfect man for their perfect "Dr. Lecter". Hannibal didn't know if he would be flattered or not.

"Looking sharp today Chief." The female doctor teased, moving closer to his friend to clean the imaginary dust on Hannibal's impeccable coat "Ready to educate some freshmen today?"

Hannibal sighed, rolling his eyes on the underlying tone of his friend.

"Bee, no touching or screwing the interns. I don't want a controversy at the very start of my career as chief of surgery."

That only made Bedelia's smile widen.

"Ohohoho. Wait till you see the newbies."

Hannibal raised a curious eyebrow, silently telling her to 'please do continue'.

"I saw this newbie while I was getting up, pretty young with wide blue eyes and soft brown curls. Your dream man to be precise." The female doctor said, tugging the man out from his office and to the hospital hallway "Pretty shy as well, hiding behind those silly glasses."
He was still wearing his stoic façade, but sure enough his interest is piqued. Bedelai knows

him well, but humoring her is dangerous. She has a memory that is unlike any other, just like him, and anything that he might say or do may be used as black mail material on the foreseeable future.

They turned on to the nurse's station on the floor, and gave a few nods on to the nurses who greeted them.

"Good Morning Docs! Babies are waiting at the second floor reception." Beverly Katz, one of the nurses and possibly Hannibal's favorite. The sassy Asian woman holds no bar with her quick mouth and trashy language, but Hannibal adores her frankness. She reminds him of Mischa, who is currently traveling the world to god knows where at this very moment "Want me to break them in for you?"

Bedelia laughed shaking her head.

"No need Nurse Katz, I think Hannibal could do it himself." she paused, whispering on to Beverly's ears as if she was conspiring something "Especially his dream boy."

Beverly's eyes widen "Ooh! So we have a code name for him now. Good! Because I don't want to call him sexy ass every time."

Hannibal wants to hit his head on the nearest surface. Somehow, everybody knows about this dream boy. The curiosity is killing him now, and his pace becomes faster, which didn't go unnoticed by his friend.

"Ta ta for now Beverly, I'll tell you all about the details later."

"Go get him Doctor Lecter!" Beverly yelled before them

Hannibal groaned, and just to spite Bedelia, he made a beeline to the stairs, opting to walk on the stairs to go down, even though Bedelia is wearing her work shoes (aka the four inches Louboutin stilletos). They arrived at the second floor reception where ten new interns are waiting; eager to perform whatever task was thrown at them.

Hannibal cleared his throat, wearing his professional persona, before addressing the students who would be under his wing for the next three years.

"Good Morning and welcome to our humble home, I am Doctor Hannibal Lecter, Chief of Surgery and currently acting as the Head of the Cardiothoracic Department. This is Doctor Bedelia du Maurier, head of the Neonatal and OBGYN department. We would be guiding you to your studies here in Johns Hopkins for the next three years. We would be the one assigning you work, such as patient rounds or sometimes assistance on the ER, which would happen soon if we deem you ready. The other residents might be asking you to accompany them on their respective fields, but be sure that whenever we page you, you will answer." he paused, looking at the crowd that was listening to him attentively "You will shadow us if you are not tasked with anything, study cases and present them to us with initial diagnosis. You will be with us on our rounds; meeting patients and we may even assign one to you. Is that understood?"

A couple of ‘yes sirs’ echoed and Hannibal was satisfied. Everyone is eager to start working and he would make sure that he made them the best goddamn doctors Baltimore would see. He was about to lead them to their first case when a dashing intern came into view.

His breath hitched when he saw the man (definitely a man) up close. He was breathing hard; his curls lay flat from the sweat that beaded his head. His skin is relatively pale and unblemished, but his hands are calloused, as if he was already a seasoned surgeon. Though his face is relatively young, Hannibal was sure of that. And when he looked at Hannibal, the latter felt that as if he was lost on to the depths of the sea, his eyes has to be the bluest that he has ever seen, covered by his rectangular shaped spectacles.

“So sorry sir. Elevator jam.”

Hannibal could feel Bedelia’s gleeful smirk on the back of his head but maintained his stoic mask. He will not satisfy Bedelia’s evil scheme on having this very moment, his first day as chief, to be a decent black mail material.

“I abhor tardiness, especially from an intern doctor…?”

“Graham, William Graham, but you can call me Will.” the man, Doctor Graham replied smiling as he did so “And no sir, I am not an intern. I am your new cardiothoracic head.”

Code Blue

Chapter Notes

I am thrilled by your response! Thank you so much! I wrote this as fast as I can, before the idea leaves me. Also, I am not familiar with medical terms and such (as you can see on my name here) and so I apologise in advance for the mistakes.

On the side note, this is completely un-betaed so any mistakes are mine. :3 Enjoy!

As always, this is for the lovely Extinction :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Doctor –*ah*- Doctor Graham –*ngh*- William, William! Stop! Stop!"

The younger doctor paused from kissing the man's exposed neck, finally looking at Hannibal with wide curious stare coupled by a cheeky grin. His face is flushed from exertion, yet he still looks impeccable at the same time. Hannibal however, was stripped off of his usual façade and has become undone. His perfect hair was askew from Graham's recent tugging, his white coat was haphazardly thrown somewhere and the first four or so buttons of his shirt was ripped open.

"Why boss? Aren't you enjoying yourself?" was the witty reply before the new head of the cardiothoracic surgery kissed him once again, devouring him as he did so.

'What happened again?' Hannibal thought as wondering hands touches his legs before settling on his belt buckle and tugging.

Earlier today

Ever since their first meeting on the intern introductions two weeks ago, Doctor William Graham has been shadowing Hannibal. Wherever he is, the new head of the cardiothoracic surgery, his former position, pops out to ask random questions or just plainly smile and wink at him. The nurses say it was adorable, already making bets as to when will the new doctor

ensnare their ‘Baby Hannibal’. Bedelia and Beverly called it love at first wink; Hannibal thought it was ludicrous… and flattering at the same time. It sometimes makes his stomach churn on a pleasing way, like butterflies fluttering and asking to come out.

“Maybe he caught sight of you, and suddenly his world change or something like that.” Bedelai told him one time as they were having lunch on his new office “Ahh, I’ll call it, ‘the love at first smile’ story, where one Doctor Hannibal Lecter finds himself falling for the new doctor in just one smile.”

The female doctor laughed at her silliness making her friend frown.

“Oh honestly Hannibal, don’t tell me you don’t find Dr. Graham attractive!” she exclaimed

Hannibal continued to purse on his lips, and made a noncommittal grunt. He answered the female doctor with a stab of his fork on his salad, chewing quite excessively. Only Bedelia could pull out the child on him, no matter what.

“I think I heard Nurse Brown checking his ass out earlier. He might even turn into a surgical nurse sometime in the future if it would make him closer to William.” Bedelia continued, making Hanibal’s almost non-existent eyebrow twitch “Is that jealousy I see Hanni? Oh you precious little thing with your first crush and everything.”

“Shut up Bee!” the chief surgeon exclaimed, the urge on throwing something to his friend is winning by a vote of 10-0 “He is not my first crush.”

“So you admit! You’re crushing on Will Graham!”

And this time, Hannibal did hurl the fork that he was holding to his friend who dodged expertly. The laugh of Dr. Bedelia du Maurier is heard all thru out the hospital, even in the basement.

- this is a fucking line -

Hannibal just has just finished an eight hours straight open-heart surgery with a man named Franklyn Froidevoux. He managed to dodge Will Graham the whole day, making a U turn whenever he sees the man. He was lucky enough to be scheduled for surgery after lunch and as soon as the patient is prepped, he scrubbed in, ignoring everyone else.

He sighed, relishing the feel of the scalpel on his hands. It is still mind blowing just like the first time he cuts, making him temporarily forget about the man that shaken his world, that is Doctor William Graham. He was thankful that the other doctor was on his own bypass surgery on the other ER at the same time as his, making his incessant stalking pause.

“Close up for me Dr. Zeller.”

“Will do, doc.”

Hannibal twitched at the use of the verb. Even at the operating room, the name Will is still being used, even if it’s a mere part of the English language.

‘This is getting worse. I can’t even last a day without thinking about the man.’ He groaned, throwing gloves before scrubbing out. He can’t just fire the man, he doesn’t have that authority and Dr. Graham didn’t actually did any violation. Plus, the dean of medicine was the one who personally hired him.

He turn off the water and dried his hands mechanically, his mind is far off on the task at hand. He made a beeline to his office to change out from his scrubs, depositing the item on the hazard bin after. He was about to head home, too tired to continue for the day when his pager beeped. It was from Abigail Hobbs, his chosen protégé.

‘Code Blue on 411. SOS!!!’

‘Shit!’ Hannibal left his bag and pushed pass the nurses. He ran to the fire exit, two at a time and on to the hallway to 411. He was so focused on his work that he didn’t notice the presence, or lack thereof, of the nurses stationed on the floor. He found Abigail outside the room; waiting for him, worry clear on her face.

“Doctor Lecter! He’s crashing and I don’t know what to do!” she exclaimed as soon as she sees him

“Call the nurse and ready the paddles.” He instructed before pushed passing the intern and entering the room.

Once he entered the room, he heard the door slammed shut and locked from the outside.

“What?” Hannibal turning the knob “Abigail! Abigail Hobbs, open this goddamn door!” he resorted into pounding with no avail

He turned back to the bed and found another person beside himself in the room. The person being the very one he was avoiding the whole day.

“Hello Doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal visibly gulped as he saw Will Graham on all his glory, wearing a form fitting dress shirt and thigh hugging pants beneath the white doctor’s coat. Will was staring at him intensely and Hannibal could feel himself going weak, melting at the heated gaze.

Will approached Hannibal who in turn backed away, his back hitting the door. Will’s grin widens as he saw the desperate look on his prey’s face. He placed his hands in between Hannibal’s head trapping him further, and for a man of Will’s stature, he seems to be taller than Hannibal at this very moment.

“Doctor Graham.” the chief said evenly, although his heart is pounding as if it wants to go out of his ribcage

“Doctor Lecter.” Will but all purred, leaning closer to smell Hannibal’s cologne “My my, are you hiding from me?”

‘Busted!’ the older doctor though, and with his will power, he tried to push the younger man away but the cardiothoracic chief held strong.

“Oh, so you’re trying to get away from me.” Will gave a chuckle before continuing to nuzzle on to Hannibal “We can’t have that can we.” he started giving peppered kisses on to Hannibal’s neck, licking at the prominent vein that he knows very well by heart.

Lecter gave an involuntary shiver, which made Will all that enthusiastic. Graham suddenly pulled Hannibal’s hair. The latter was about to protest when the younger doctor slammed their lips together, the impact making Hannibal gasp. Using this as an opportunity, Will slid on his tongue and moaned, as he tasted the older man.

Hannibal was taken back, his brain short-circuiting for a while before eagerly retuning the kiss, his hands settling on Will’s narrow hips. God, William Graham is such a good kisser, the things he could do with his tongue. Lecter felt wondering hands on his chest and can feel the buttons flying off of his shirt when Graham ripped them open. He wants to protest but his brain is currently malfunctioning. They continued kissing but Hannibal suddenly stopped when he felt those wondering hands on his ass. Hannibal pulled away from the kiss but Will continues to kiss his neck while kneading his butt.

“Doctor –*ah*- Doctor Graham –*ngh*- William, William! Stop! Stop!”

The younger doctor paused from kissing the man’s exposed neck, finally looking at Hannibal with wide curious stare coupled by a cheeky grin. His face is flushed from exertion, yet he still looks impeccable at the same time. Hannibal however, was stripped off of his usual façade and has become undone. His perfect hair was askew from Graham’s recent tugging, his white coat was haphazardly thrown somewhere and the first four or so buttons of his shirt was ripped open.

“Why boss? Aren’t you enjoying yourself?” was the witty reply before the new head of the cardiothoracic surgery kissed him once again, devouring him as he did so.

This is in the friggin present

‘So that’s what happened.’ Hannibal mussed and flinched, his head hitting the door when Will has successfully unbuckled and unbuttoned Hannibal’s trousers and inserted his warm hands, grasping Lecter’s cock.

“Stop! William! Stop!” he tried to push the younger man again but Will is resilient

“No.”

“Why *–ah-* are you doing this *–ngh ah-*“ he asked, gods he felt like crying but he can’t. Not with how Will do magic with his hands. "Why are you even *-shit-* here?"

“Simple, I am very much attracted to you. As to why I am here, Dr. Bedelia du Maurier, my beloved cousin said that her doctor best friend, who is promoted from being the cardio chief into chief of surgery, is quite cute and very much single. She also said that he has this cut worthy cheek bones.” as if to prove a point, he scraped his teeth on to Hannibal’s cheeks “And the nicest ass.” Will used his free hand to squeeze the muscle making the older doctor groan “She said, he could be my very own sex on legs if I would agree to work here at Johns Hopkins. And I must say, that’s the best bribe she ever gave to me.”

“How did…?”

“I pull this off?” Will whispered “I promised Abigail that she could accompany me on the ER on my next big surgery. She was so giddy that everything, even paging you and having this floor clear off of anybody is all her doing. Smart girl.”

“Abigail is my intern!”

“Do share Hanni, think of her as our very own love child.”

He gave another chaste kiss to Hannibal’s cheek before lowering himself into the latter.

“Now where was I… ah!” Will pulled Hannibal’s pants down, boxers and all and stared at the older doctor’s straining cock. Will can’t help but lick his lips on the sight, nuzzling at the thickness of the other doctor’s member. Without further ado, he swallowed Hannibal’s dick, slightly choking as he did so.

“Shit!” Hannibal’s hands flew in to Will’s curls for leverage

Graham groaned, sending vibrations, making Hannibal whimper. He swirled his tongue, alternating from grazing his teeth and hollowing his cheeks to suck.

‘Jesus fucking Christ he’s so good.’

A knock suddenly stopped Will on his actions, a frown marring on his face. He pulled out from Hannibal’s dick with a pop but he didn’t stood up, instead he licked the pulsing member.

“Yes Abigail?”

“Doctor Graham, Doctor Crawford wants to talk with Doctor Lecter.” Abigail’s voice came from the other side of the door.

Hannibal gulped, he was just a door away from his intern, who now could probably hear what’s happening inside. Will doesn’t seem to care; hell he doesn’t seem to give a fuck.

“Stall him for another ten minutes.”

“How?!”

“Just be amazing.” he ordered before returning his mouth into tasting Hannibal’s dick.

A few more swirls of his tongue coupled by Will pumping him made Hannibal came. The younger man all but swallowed everything, not even a drop was spared. He wiped his mouth with his thumb as a stray cum leaked. He lapped on to it and hummed, before kissing Hannibal again, making the older man taste himself. He pulled the man's pants back up and carefully buttoned it.

"I'll see you around doctor." He whispered, lightly knocking on the door so that Abigail could unlock it.

"Thanks Abigail. I'll see you in the ER tomorrow." Hannibal heard Will say to Abigail who only replied with a enthusiastic 'Thank You doc Will.'

He got his coat and shrugged it in, he tried to tame his hair but his eyes are still glassy and dazed as to what happened. When Hannibal got out of 411, Abigail was waiting for him, smiling as she did so.

He turned and glared at her giddy face as soon as he got his bearing.

"We are going to talk about your future here Doctor Hobbs." he chided

"I'm not worried. Doctor Graham assured me that you would never fire me. I'm the best intern you have here, according to him of course." she replied cheekily and Hannibal could see a young Bedelai du Maurier in her. He groaned, a headache already forming by just thinking about it "He ordered me to give you this as well."

Abigail gave Hannibal a shirt. His spare shirt, the one hidden on his closet. Hannibal gritted his teeth as if the very article of clothing is offending him.

'Not only did he planned this, but he broke into my office as well!'

“And also sir…”

“Yes?” the older doctor asked, his attention once again to his soon to be "former" intern

“Your fly is open.”

This time, Hannibal literally hits his face.

Chapter End Notes

Comments and Kudos are much appreciated

Coffee

Chapter Notes

I know! Really fast update? Because the next two chapters will come out a wee bit late, since my hell week (aka school) would be starting tomorrow, and I won't have any time to write shizz. I might even add a couple of more chapters if an idea suddenly pops out :3

As always this is Un-betaed and I barely know anything about medicine, so all the hocus pocus are mine. :3

Cheers to Extinction!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal was grumpy the next day. He barely slept the whole night, wishing that his body would somehow succumb on to exhaustion, but his brain still keeps on flying to William Graham, and most probably, the best blowjob that he ever had in his entire life.

“Good Morning Doctor Lecter.” Abigail Hobbs approached his boss with a hot tumbler of coffee. She offered the tumbler on to the older man who accepts it graciously.

Hannibal moaned at the taste, his bad mood suddenly lifts up.

“God, this is so good.”

“Oh, Doctor Will made it. He was in early today.”

Hannibal almost choked on his coffee and stared at the tumbler as if he was offended by it somehow. He was sorely tempted to throw it away but it was gold in a mug. Instead, he took another sip, ignoring the knowing look of his intern.

“Shut up and get to work Doctor Hobbs.”

“Aye aye sir!”

“Do not mock me young woman, or it would be the pit to you.”

Abigail gave him a mock salute, heading off to the fifth floor for her morning rounds. Hannibal sighed and shook his head; he gave one tentative sip to his drink as he made his way to the elevator. The door chimed and he immediately entered the lift.

“Hold it for me!!!”

Hannibal reflexively placed his foot on the elevator door and a person came rushing inside.

“Floor?” the chief politely asked

“Third please.”

Lecter became rigid and he looked at his companion at the elevator. Will Graham was leaning on the other side of the lift, his eyes closed and his ridiculous glasses. He was out of his usual corporate clothes, and instead sporting the ER scrubs that Johns Hopkins provided. He looks tired, as if he was out on a major surgery, or was somehow bullied on heading the pit.

‘He looks annoyingly tasty.’ he thought but mentally slapped the thought away

“Rough morning?” Hannibal can’t help but ask as the lift ascends

“You could say that.” Will replied, his once teasing tone is cold and flat unlike his usual flirting demeanor.

Hannibal was irritated at the tone and before he could stop himself, he pushed the seize button of the lift trapping them on to the middle of the second and third floor.

“What the hell?!”

“You!” Hannibal growled, “You are the reason why I failed to sleep last night after my twenty hour shift.” He pointed an accusing finger on the man “You planted a seed on my mind and fucking grow your very presence in there!”

This time, Will’s posture relaxed and the impish smirk was once again in place. Hannibal thought back on his words and grunted. He was not supposed to say that.

‘Fucking idiot’

“So I did kept you up all night. Tell me.” Will saunters over, his fatigued and exhaustion suddenly vanished “Is your mind the only one up, or that pretty but not so quite little thing in between your legs is also up.”

Hannibal’s face flushed, pushing the stop button once again. The lift moved once again, ascending to the third floor. Will leaned on to the man, giving him a chaste kiss before the doors opened.

“See you in a bit, sexy.” He whispered, sauntering on to the hallway

‘I am so screwed.’ Hannibal thought, as he followed the other doctor out. The day has yet to begin but Hannibal is already exhausted to his bones.

\- *this is a fucking line –*

Will is tired. Scratch that, Will is fucking exhausted. He arrived on the hospital after five hours of meager sleep after the thirty-hour shift that he pulled thru. Somehow, his intern by

the name of Nicholas Boyle screwed up on the medicine he was supposed to give, and now his patient is in the ER.

After the two-hour operation, thank the heavens, he made way to his office and brewed his special blend of coffee. He hummed and thought of Hannibal. Thinking of the other man and the activities that they did last night made him relaxed, a silly smile on his face. His perfect face with his perfect body and perfect ass, and don't forget the doctor's uncircumcised prick on his mouth. He can't help but groan at the size of it.

'Oh gods, the feel of it inside me would be fulfilling' he imagines his boss fucking him on his office or better yet, on to his house.

"Doc Will?" Abigail's tentative voice rang out on his office pulling him out of his daydreaming

"Yes, Doctor Hobbs?" he smiled at the young protégé

"I just want to confirm our ER date today?"

'Ah yes, his promise.'

"If Mrs. Komeda didn't leave today or have any complications then we'll do the heart transplant later."

Abigail can't help the smile that bloomed on to her face, at the prospect of her first transplant, even though she would just be observing. Will smiled fondly at her, pouring steaming cup of coffee on to his tumbler so he could bring it everywhere.

Abigail checked her watch and gasped.

“Holy Shit, Doctor Lecter would be here in five minutes!” she exclaimed, making her way to the door

“Abigail!” he called, and the younger doctor screeched into a hault

“Yes sir?”

Will held the tumbler out to Abigail who in turn accepted it.

“Be a dear and give this to the Chief.” he smirked

Abigail returned his smile, and gave a salute to Will.

“I will give this to boss man, and extend your undying love for him.”

“That’s my girl.”

The intern preened at the praise before running to the hallway to meet his teacher. Will followed her with a steadier pace, waiting for his prey to arrive. He saw the familiar ash blond hair. He saw Abigail giving the doctor his coffee and smiled at the blissful look his doctor gave.

‘Oh honey, I’ll make you do that face again… on my bed with your dick buried in me.’ Will thought

He saw the chief riding the elevator, and with a push he run to the elevator and calls for it to stop. This is going to be the best elevator ride he is going to have.

- *this is another fucking line –*

-

And that is indeed the best five minutes of his life. Hannibal practically confessed his attraction to him, and if he were wearing a tutu he would be twirling on it now. He passed by the nurse's station and greeted the on call nurses with an enthusiastic wave, even giving them flying kisses.

He was in a good mood, and nothing, even the shitiest check up would ever put him down.

"Well well well, look whose practically glowing today."

Bedelia du Maurier approached her cousin with powerful strides. Even on her five inches heels, she somehow managed to keep up with him.

"Hello Bee." Will greeted her with a smile "The very person that I need to see today."

"Is this about?"

"Yes."

Bedelia suddenly pulled him into the first room that they passed by, which happens to be old Thomas' room, the resident sleeping beauty. Bedelia sat on to the bed, not caring if the old man was sleeping there.

"What did you do?" she asked, "Did you unleash 'the Ripper' on him?"

Will sat on the visitor's seat "I managed to control my self somehow." he raised four of his fingers signifying the number of buttons that flew last night "And holy shit, his dick is so big and uncut…"

“Stop right there Will, I don’t want to know the blow by blow.” she held her hand stopping Will from continuing his dick worshipping “On the second note, you did restrain yourself.”

“Of course, he is my boss after all.” Will rolled his eyes “I don’t want to get fired, I like it here.”

They became quiet for a couple of minutes; the only sound is the beeping of old Thomas’ machines, signifying his life.

“Thank you by the way.” Will suddenly said making Bedelai raised a perfectly groomed eyebrow “For making me stay and at the same time, giving me the chance to meet Hannibal.”

Bedelia gaped at her cousin and suddenly stood up, pointing an accusing finger on him.

“You’re smitten! Holy Shit! You’re seriously crushing on Hannibal! Oh my god!” she practically squealed when Will nodded “Oh my darling darling cousin!” she hugged the male doctor and gave him a kiss on the cheek

Will blushed meekly, hugging his cousin back. He suddenly pulled out from the hug when his beeper thrilled.

“Sorry Bee, but it seems my soon to be lover is calling me.”

Bedelia giggled, pushing the man out of the room.

“Go get him tiger.” she called out, watching the younger doctor’s retreating back

Will ran to the second floor, taking two steps at a time. The page only said *‘Urgent, 2nd floor. come’* and so Will doesn’t know what to expect. He was running to the hallway when he was suddenly pulled from the scruff to the on-call room.

The door shut and he found himself being slammed on to the wall, a pair of lips attacking his. Will pushed his attacker and was about to punch the man (definitely a man) when he saw who it is.

Hannibal was out of his usual garb and instead was wearing scrubs. His hair was askew possibly from all the tugging that he did.

“Doctor Lecter!” he exclaimed, surprised to see the man “I…”

“Shut up!” Lecter ordered before pulling Will on to forceful kiss.

Graham didn’t complain, instead he returned the kiss with much fervor, licking the older man’s lips, asking for entrance, which the older man complied. Their kiss is heated, just like the last time, but the only difference is, is that this time, Hannibal was the one who initiated this. The chief’s hands roamed on to Will’s body, caressing every part of him.

He pushed the younger man back at the wall, lifting Will up. Graham’s legs unconsciously latched on to Hannibal for leverage as the older doctor continue to abuse his lips. Will moaned, as Hannibal’s tongue tasted every part of his mouth and the older doctor’s hands brushing on to his ass.

The two parted for air, their lungs not quite made for long-term make-out sessions. They were breathing so hard, their heads pulled together. Will is tempted to kiss his boss once again when suddenly the older man released him.

“God damn it, why can’t I get away from you. Why is it that I’m fucking craving you?” the chief cursed out loud before promptly marching out of the room leaving a dazed Will.

“Holy Shit.” a smile blooming on his face “He’s fucking mine!”

Chapter End Notes

I felt that I somehow rushed this chapter. Oh well! I'll try to re-post a better version of this soon :3 Cheers for now!

Club Soda

Chapter Notes

I'm on a roll!!! I have to update since I might forget about this later on so... yeah. Also, I might deviate from my 5 chapter plan, just saying~

Mistakes are mine since I am no doctor or med student. Plus this is un-betaed sooo, try not cringe on the mistakes :3

Thank you for the love! Enjoy~!!! :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Will can feel the stare, or rather the number of glares on his back. But every time he turns around, he can't find anybody, besides the nurses, on the hallway. It's not also the only weird thing that has happened to him. The nurses somehow became less friendly, ignoring his requests or even acting hostile to him.

Some of his blood works got delayed as well, and even the routinely reports of his patients were given late, except for the post ops and the worst cases. They also managed to pop-up whenever he wants to talk to Doctor Lecter, straying him whenever he wants to start a conversation; hell even consultations are being watched. Somehow, he felt like everybody hates him. The treatment of the nurses continued for two weeks, and William can't work with this kind of environment anymore.

At first, he thought it was just a prank, but it seems that he is the only target and that it lasted longer than necessary. He needs to get on top of this, he wants another encounter with *his* Doctor Lecter and the nurses are not making it easier for him .He decided to confront the nurses, and the only way on doing it is by talking to the head nurse, Beverly Katz.

It was a Tuesday morning when he somehow managed to corner Beverly on her rounds. The nurse was busy on filing out the files when Will approached her with a hot coffee in hand.

"I need to talk to you." Will said, placing the steaming cup on the counter.

“Busy, go bother someone else.” was the snide reply, the nurse didn’t even bothered to look at the doctor as she continues to fill her chart.

“I brewed the coffee from THE Coffee machine.”

The scratching of paper stopped and Beverly looked up to him and to the steaming cup of coffee waiting for her.

“You have me till I finished this heroine.” she snipped, standing up and grabbing the cup of coffee

“Walk with me Bev.”

Beverly obliged and walked with the doctor, making sure that she is at least a foot away from him. The corridors were quiet since it’s already three in the morning, and only the night shifts are here.

“I’m half way thru my coffee now Doctor Graham.” Beverly reminded

Will gave his cup a little sip, trying to calm himself.

“Are the nurses mad at me?” he asked without beating around the bush “Because if not then I feel like I’m being bullied right now.”

Beverly paused, pulling the doctor on to the fire exit. Making sure that nobody is on the other floors; Beverly fixes Will with a glare.

“Doctor Lecter.”

“What about him?” the doctor eyebrow furrowed in confusion

Beverly glared at him and didn't reply

"What is it? What did I do?" Will knows that the nurses are overprotective and sheltering on their boss. They treat Doctor Lecter with outmost respect and looks at him like their younger brother (though he is quite older than some). Some nurses even knew Hannibal from his first year in Johns Hopkins.

For a few seconds, Beverly didn't talk and Will was panicking. He must've done something wrong to warrant the nurses' fury. Katz saw it and looked at Will, her gaze unraveling before finally relenting, as if she deems that Will is actually clueless as to what is actually happening.

"You really don't know." Beverly whispered, "Doctor Lecter has been acting strange, loosing his composure and even forgetting some of his appointments. He was even actually late on one of his surgeries. That has not happened… ever!"

"And why is it my fault?"

"Because every time that he missed something, he curses your name like a sailor, and that is something that we haven't seen from him." the nurse continued "He even missed our weekly bar night!"

"Oh…." Will whispered, a smile forming on his lips "He's thinking about me." He can't help but laugh at the thought making Beverly raised an eyebrow

"So you're getting off on this."

"Oh I will!" Graham smirk, a plan already forming on his head "Wanna help me?"

"No!" the nurse shook her head "Not until I know why."

Will pulled Beverly by the arm and dragged her out of the fire exit

“Oh my dear Beverly. I’m having a boner for the doctor, and I want him to screw me so bad, it fucking hurts.”

Realizing what the doctor had said, Beverly laughed, her voice echoing on the corridors.

“Oh don’t worry Doctor Sexy Ass, we’ll help you.”

Will can’t help the grin on his face. Now that the nurses are on his side, Hannibal Lecter would definitely be his. And no one would stop him.

- this is a fucking line -

Hannibal just finished his work and was about to head home. He wants to rest his mind, have a very relaxing twenty-four hours of total bliss before he faces the music once again. Being chief of surgery is no fun. Most of the work he is doing is that of administrative nature, unlike his previous post where he has surgeries lining on the bulletin board.

Sometimes, he wants to ask the dean to remove him from his post but realizing that Doctor Graham is already managing his previous department, he decided against it. Speaking of the man, after pulling him on the on-call room and practically raping his mouth, his world has already shifted, and he doesn’t know if it’s in a good way or a bad way.

Doctor Graham has been working on the hospital for almost a month now, and his presence has some cemented on Johns Hopkins. He is innovative yet a traditionalist in some cases, in which Hannibal is impressed of. His performance is not a problem, however, his constant flirting has somehow unbalanced the chief of surgery.

William Graham's presence is everywhere, in the hospital and somehow he even managed to plague the chief's mind. Hannibal swears that he can see those blue eyes and ruffled brown hair everywhere he looks. He wants to cry out of frustration, but his pride doesn't let him do so.

'Fucking man with perfect round ass and perfect lips with perfect eyes.'

God, he wants a drink, hell he needs it!

'Maybe I should drink myself to oblivion tonight'

His musing was interrupted when somebody knocked on his office.

"Come in."

Beverly entered quietly. She was already out of her usual scrubs and was already sporting a black tight fitted blouse and a dark colored denim.

"Ready boss-man?" she asked

Hannibal was confused for a moment before checking his calendar. Noted on the current date, in red pen, is the monthly Doctor-Nurses get together at the bar. He groaned, mentally scolding himself for completely forgetting about it.

"I'm sorry Bev, I completely forgot."

"It's okay doc, if you have plans."

Hannibal felt guilty. He has already forgot his usual Wednesday lunch treats to the nurses, and now he was about to say no on their monthly bonding. The doctor stood up and got his coat and bag.

“No, I don’t. Let’s go.”

Beverly smiled and headed out for the door. Hannibal offered the nurse a ride on his car, just like the usual, and parked near quiet bar that they frequent. He saw several doctors’ cars from the hospital and the familiar Audi of Bedelia, but what is curious is the black Lexus that is parking beside it.

The party has already started, and some of the doctors are mingling with the nurses, re-acquainting themselves talking about anything except medicine such as the recent gossips and who is dating who.

He headed of to the bar to get himself a club soda, because for all of his bravado, he is a lightweight. The party last year proves just how much alcohol his system can take.

“What would you be having?” the bartender asked. His back is on Hannibal; busy mixing some weird concoction that one of the nurses would be drinking.

“Just club soda, thank you.” He replied before sitting at the bar stool, waiting for his drink.

He was busy looking for Bedelia when his drink was placed on the table.

“Here’s your drink, sexy.”

Hannibal’s head turned so fast, he swears he got a whiplash. William Graham and all his glory is acting as the bar tender. He was wearing a black Kiss t-shirt that is probably two sizes smaller than him with how the fabric clings on to him. Hannibal can only see a touch of leather as well, making him salivate.

“What are you doing here Doctor Graham?” he asked and almost smacked himself at the stupid question. Of course he’s here for the party!

Will finds it amusing and opted not to reply. The younger doctor pulled a shot glass instead and a bottle of tequila. He poured himself a shot before promptly drinking it. Hannibal was staring at Will’s adam’s apple, and gulped at the same time it bobbed.

Graham took another glass and filled it with tequila, refilling his as well. He pushed the new shot glass to Hannibal and raised his.

“Drink boss, its your night off right?”

Hannibal stared at the drink as if it was going to eat him.

“Sorry, but I don’t drink.”

“Why is that?” was the instant retort

Lecter gulped and looked away, where are the nurses when you need them the most?

“I just don’t.” was his clipped response

Will leaned in, his shot glass careful on his hand.

“Come now boss, just one shot. Don’t be such a kill joy.”

Hannibal contemplated on the consequences the instant he drink the tequila shot.

‘One shot won’t hurt… right?’ he thought as he lifts the shot glass and tips it on his throat. He failed to see the satisfied grin that Will has sported.

- this is another fucking line -

Apparently, that one shot is all it took to down five more. Hannibal was already feeling loose; his defenses are down from the alcohol that is working on his system. He is already chatting quite enthusiastically now with Will, who in turn kept on pouring and pouring shots after shots of alcohol.

“You have the prettiest eyes, you know that.” Hannibal blurted out before giggling “So blue, so pretty.”

“Okay, that’s it, I’m cutting you off mister.” Will said. He smiled when Hannibal whined, but he needs to stop the man from drinking more and getting him sick the next morning. He wants for Hannibal to remember, not completely forget what is going to happen tonight.

Will jumped off the counter so that he could join Hannibal on the other side. The party is still on its full swing, but some of the nurses and doctors who have an early shift tomorrow have already left.

“Where are your keys? I’m going to send you home.”

The younger doctor pulled the giggling Hannibal on to him, resting his the latter’s head on to his shoulder, gripping Lecter’s waist to keep him up. Hannibal tried to fish his keys for quite some time before finally pulling it out of his pocket. Will took the keys and handed it to Beverly as they passed by.

Will gave the head nurse a kiss on the cheek and murmured something to her. Beverly gave him a smack before raising her two thumbs.

The cold air hit Hannibal and Will as they got out from the warm bar. Hannibal started nipping and sucking on to his neck, making Will groan. He almost looses his balance but he somehow made it to his car beside Bedelia's. He fished his own keys and opened his Lexus, trying to push Hannibal on to the back seat.

The older doctor doesn't want to part with the heat coming from Will and pulled the younger man instead.

"Hannibal…" Will protested as his knees hit the side of his car

"William…" Hannibal mocked and giggled again, before promptly pulling Will's shirt and crushing their lips together.

Hannibal's tongue pushed into Will's mouth and the taste of alcohol and purely Hannibal filled his taste buds. The older man raised his knees and on to Will's clothed cock, kneading it and making it hard. Graham moaned on to the man's mouth, pulling out from the kiss and started to nip on to the older man's neck. Hannibal's ministration suddenly stopped making Will whimper, he was about to point it out on Hannibal when he found the man already fast asleep.

Will grumbled in frustration, his dick already hard and throbbing on his leather pants. It's the most uncomfortable feeling in the world and Will wants to shake Hannibal so he could wake up and finish what he started.

"Thank you for giving me blue balls." he whispered to the sleeping man, giving Hannibal a chaste kiss before fixing the latter on his back seat and driving off to his house. The drive should take care of the problem… or a very cold shower as soon as he arrives home.

Chapter End Notes

For the lovely Extinction, as always :3

Couch

Chapter Summary

The next day...

Chapter Notes

Updating before class... I'm updating before class!!! :3

Sorry making it too short. I have to stop myself from writing further so I won't make it a blah chapter. Also... yes, I am adding several chapters on it. Don't know if it will reach 10 chapters, but I won't go beyond that. Still not beta read soooo... yeah.

For my doll, Extinction :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal is starting to awake, his body clock ringing that it is already six in the morning. He knew that it was supposed to be his day off, but being on the field that he has chosen, his body became accustomed on waking up early. He started to move, but a jolt of pain on his head made him wince.

'God what happened last night?'

His stomach is churning, pestering Hannibal to wake up. He groaned, he feels like hell with his mouth dry and the impending vomit that was about to happen.

"Shhh… shh… darling."

Cool hands touched his forehead making Hannibal whimper at the contact. The older man unconsciously leaned on to the touch, making the person chuckle.

“Oh baby, you’re so cute when you look like this. But you have to wake up for me, okay?”

Hannibal whimpered even more, not wanting to shake his head because of it’s continues throbbing.

“Baby, wake up please. Open your gorgeous eyes for me. I have some milk and aspirin for your headache.”

Groaning, the older man complied, slowly opening his eyes. The room is dark, only lighted by the bedside lamp, as if his caretaker knows that he has very eyes that morning. He blinked away, removing the web of sleep on his eyes. A glass of cool milk was pressed on to him and he took it gratefully, gulping on the drink like he hasn’t drank in years.

“Slow down darling, or it might upset your stomach even more.” a hand was placed on his nape, easing his drinking down “That’s it, now save some for the aspirin.”

Hannibal did as what is suggested, opening his mouth for his caretaker to pop up the pill.

“That’s it, good boy.”

Finally, Hannibal looked up to see his caretaker and was surprised at the familiar azure eyes staring back at him.

“William.” he whispered

“Hello baby.” the younger doctor whispered

Hannibal looked at Will in confusion. What is the younger doctor doing on his house at six in the morning? He tried to remember what happened last night. The party… the tequila shots; him telling Dr. Graham’s eyes are beautiful and practically… oh gods! He almost had sex with the man at the back of his car.

The changes on Hannibal's face made Will smile. He wants to pull the older man into him and kiss the confusion away, but he must resist. Patience is a virtue after all, and the older man is in no shape as of the moment.

Hannibal looked on to the room to spot the familiar robe that he constantly place beside his bed, but found that instead of an impeccable bedside table in mahogany embellishment, he found a black wood one. The curtains, though dark are soft in a soft caramel color unlike his burgundy ones. The bed is a bit smaller as well, and there is no headboard made with oak.

"This is not my room." Hannibal blurted out

"No. It's mine."

"I'm in your house… you took me in your house!"

Will grinned like the devil and touched Hannibal's face gently. The latter gulped when Will leaned in closer.

"Oh baby… do you remember what you did to me last night?"

Hannibal's forehead scrunched as he tried to remember everything, he recounted every single detail right even to the part where he… oh! He grinned his knees on to the younger man's crotch, a 'come on' his part. His eyes widen in realization.

"Yes baby, you gave me the most painful blue balls of the century." Will whispered into his ears "And I'm going to make you pay for it."

Hannibal heard the something click and found his right hand cuffed on to the side of the bed. He tried to break free only to hurt himself.

“Tsk tsk tsk… don’t even attempt on escaping. You’ll only make it worse.” Will reprimanded, before roaming his hands on the older doctor’s clothed chest. He slowly popped each button, making sure that Hannibal can see.

“What are you doing?” Hannibal asked, his heart pounding on his chest.

“Simple.” Was the reply and with the last of the buttons, Will removed the older doctor’s shirt and practically throwing it away on to the floor “I’m going to give you the very same thing that you gave to me."

Will removed his pants and hissed when the cold air hit his morning wood. In a blink, the younger man is now looking at him naked as the day he was born. He straddled the older man and aligned his pulsing hole to it.

“Will! I haven’t… I might hurt you.” And the doctor blinked, why is he not protesting on this?

“Don’t worry darling, I already stretched myself for you.” Will replied, his voice dropping “But I must admit that I might not have prepared myself for this size.” he gave Hannibal’s cock a squeeze, making the older man groan.

“Ahh!”

Will chuckled before giving a deep breath and lowering himself. It merely took seconds but Hannibal felt it like an eternity until finally, finally Will is fully sheathed.

“So big… so full…” the younger doctor mumbled slowly fucking himself to the older man’s cock.

Hannibal’s free hand made its way to Will’s hips, thrusting at the same pace the younger man is having, riding him beautifully. He could feel himself loosing his mind in fucking the younger man. His tight heat is all consuming that he already feels himself climaxing.

“Will… ah William… I’m almost.”

“Let it… haah… go baby.”

Hannibal is almost there… almost…

THUD, BANG, CRASH.

Hannibal groaned in pain on when he fell on to the floor. Gods, his head feels like shit, possibly concussed when he hit it somewhere, or he’s just being paranoid. The older man opened his eyes and frowned at the familiar sight of his living room; the pristine artifacts and knick-knacks that he acquired during his internship. He hauled himself up, feeling slightly dizzy, blinking his eyes.

When everything came into a clearer focus, he confirmed that he is indeed in his living room, sleeping on the couch.

‘Fuck!’ he exclaimed on his mind when got back at his dream

He made his way to his kitchen to get some water and aspirin, still thinking about that dream. When he arrives, there was already a cold glass of water and some aspirin waiting for him. He frowned, he clearly doesn’t remember having someone over. Shrugging, he popped on the pill and chased it with the cool water. He noticed a post it beside it and ripped it off. The older man slowly reads it and almost chokes at the message.

Hey sexy,

Got your keys under the mat so don't become paranoid. Plus, I don’t want to wake you up because you look oh so gorgeous when you sleep. And no, I am not a creeper. Breakfast is in the oven, have to run and do some early rounds in the hospital.

XOXO

W. Graham

P.S.

I recorded your voice moaning my name. Gods, I think I will be hard for the day. Which reminds me, did you just have a wet dream about me?

“Fucking Will Graham.” he muttered, remembering how hot the younger doctor is on top of him. He could feel his cock hardening at the thought and mentally groaned.

"You are a fucking traitor." he pointed at his hard cock accusingly who in turn just twitched.

Sighing in defeat, he drank the rest of his water and made a beeline to the shower. He has to go and take care of the morning wood courtesy of ‘Dream Will’ after all.

Chapter End Notes

What? You think Will really took him to his home, handcuff him and do his wicked ways to Hannibal? No sir! Dr. William Graham is a gentleman... sometimes.

On a high note, hope you guys enjoy :#

Candelight

Chapter Notes

For the darling Extinction

(Still clueless about medicine... still not beta read)

See the end of the chapter for more notes

"Hannibal, it's quite easy. All you have to do is corner him and ask him for dinner. That's it!" Beverly exclaimed, making Bedelia nod at the sentiment "Seriously, how hard does it get?"

The head nurse along with the OBGYN head are on Hannibal's office, eating the lunch that their Chief had made. It has been a week since the party; a week since Will had took care of his drunken state. The older doctor wants to show his gratitude to the man, but every time he sees the doctor, he can't help but go back to his very vivid dream.

There is also the fact that the new cardiothoracic surgeon is actually doing his job. Hannibal barely saw the man, and whenever he did see him, he was off to the OR to scrub in or borrow Abigail from his service. He sighed, taking a stab on his salad. Maybe he should just do what Beverly is suggesting, and just ask him for dinner.

Beverly looked at Bedelia, pleading with her eyes to say something, but the female doctor just shook her head. Will has already given everything to Hannibal, and now the ball is on Hannibal's corner. If the chief has yet to see that Will has been courting or rather flirting with him since day one, it just means that Hannibal is so stupid that he can't see the obvious.

"Hanni…" Bedelia started

"Where is Dr. Graham?" the Chief asked, finally deciding on what to do.

The two women smiled; maybe Hannibal has a chance after all.

- this is a fucking line -

Of course, it won't be easy for Hannibal. He looked for Will on every fucking floor, trying to somehow talk to the man and ask him out so that he could bloody stop the confusion that has plagued him. The confusion caused by the very doctor he was looking for.

But Will was elusive or just practically busy. He was either with a patient or in the ER where the interns kept on paging him. Of course, there is also the fact that an accident should happen on the very same day, and Graham has to be on the OR for six hours.

Hannibal was on the nurse's station where Beverly is currently stationed. He was frowning as he finishes his chart, his handwriting quite heavy than his usual graceful strokes.

"What's eating you doc?" the head nurse asked, frowning. She could see the state of the clipboard and mentally cringed at the nurse assigned to the case. She could barely read anything legible, and that is saying something.

"I can't seem to… find the time to talk with Dr. Graham."

Beverly gave a silent 'oh' at the admission. She has half the heart to call on to Beverly, but the said doctor is on a surgery as well. The nurse checked on to Graham's schedule and smirked evilly.

"Doctor Will is in OR 4, the one with the gallery. Why don't you ask him via intercom? Surely, you could ask him then."

"You do realize that he is not alone, and that other nurses and an intern would be there?."

"It's only a handful of nurses who adores you and Abigail. What could go wrong?" Beverly asked before pleading "Just please… please ask him out. You look quite pathetic with you mooning over him."

“Hey!” Hannibal exclaimed, but… is he really doing it? Was he really so smitten with the man that he started to… swoon over him like a girl? “Fine.” he said with a huff, failing to see the smug expression on Beverly’s face.

He straightened his coat and made a beeline to OR 4. It’s now or never. As soon as Hannibal was gone, the loitering nurses, including Matthew Brown strode on to Beverly.

“So, who wants to raise their bet?” Beverly asked, whipping a record book where she was tallying the bets the nurses and some of the doctors have made as to when their beloved Chief and the Cardio head would do the horizontal tango.

“50 bucks says three days.” one of the female nurses said, and all bets has come in. Beverly had the hard time tallying

“100 bucks says tonight.” Matthew suddenly said. All eyes turned on to him, some are even scoffing.

“Doctor Lecter is a gentleman, he won’t fuck on first date.”

Matthew gave them a smug smile, pulling on a hundred to place on his bet.

“Oh, I’m sure about Doctor Lecter. But you forget about Doc Will.”

Matthew and Beverly shared a look, the head nurse giving him a wink.

“Okay! Get back to work. We’ll see what happens tomorrow.”

- *another fucking line –*

Hannibal finally arrived at the empty gallery, where Will is currently doing a heart surgery, by the looks of it; the patient is already out of the red zone. Given a couple of minutes, Graham will start to close. He could see Graham's steady hands as he do a whipstitch on to the man's heart, imagining if those hands would wrap again on his cock. Hannibal groaned, shaking his head. He must focus, and scattered lusty thoughts will not do. He pressed on to the intercom, ordering the nurse on the operating room to place it on speaker so Will could multi-task.

"Doctor Graham." Hannibal started

"Yes Chief? What can I do for you that cannot wait until my surgery." Will replied not even taking his eyes off on his patient "Irrigation."

Hannibal could see that Will is in the zone, as if the man is on another universe, not even pausing. He just kept doing his job, thinking on his feet. How utterly… perfect.

"Come to dinner with me." the older doctor blurted out

Will stopped, his hands suddenly frozen. He looked up at the gallery where the chief is standing, unmoving, but on a closer look is already fidgeting.

"I'm sorry, what?" he asked, still baffled at the words

"Eight PM sharp, Doctor Graham. I'll be waiting." was the reply before the older doctor shut the intercom and left, leaving Graham giddy and confused at the same time. Will was still frozen; his hands have still moved to continue with the operation.

"Doctor Graham?"

Said doctor turned into the nurse who voiced the question.

“Call Doctor Tier, tell him that I am assigning him this case, and that he should do the post op. Were done here anyway.” he said, giving the surgical tools to the nurse on the right before ripping off his gloves. “Close for me Abigail, I’m going on a date.”

As soon the cardiothoracic head was out of the OR, the room buzzed with excitement, bets were already flying off as one of the surgical nurse pulls out her phone to message Beverly.

“Tell nurse Katz I’m placing my bet!” Abigail ordered, as she started to close the patient.

- *another fucking line –*

Dinner was lovely, Hannibal made sure of that. Although, quite a short notice for him, he didn’t fail to deliver the usual grandeur of his meal, even going as far as placing lit candles on the table, giving it a wee bit of a romantic aura, after all, Hannibal is a romantic man. Will arrived at exactly 7:58 pm, two minutes early. Hannibal welcomed the man, his breath hitching at the tight shirt and tighter pants that the man was wearing. Will was holding a bottle of wine and gave it to Hannibal, the latter ushering him inside.

Will navigated on his house as if he knew the place by heart, which may be true since he was the one who took care of Hannibal. The dinner is filled with small talks, about work and how the come to Johns Hopkins. The drunken night was not mentioned once on the exchange, and Will didn’t asked why he was invited alone, that is until they adjourned into the sitting room.

“So…” Will started

Hannibal gave a huge gulp on his wine, his eyes never leaving Will. He gave Graham a nod, urging him to continue.

“Why the sudden dinner invitation?”

The chief was silent for quite some time; making Will fidget on his seat.

“You want me to fuck you since day one.” Hannibal blurted out without so much as a pretense; making Will choke on his wine and Hannibal smile

“Yes, I’ve practically established that when I shoved your dick into my mouth, and almost made a quickie on my back seat.”

Hannibal blushed at the crass declaration but remained composed. He has to take control of this situation, and his dick has been hard since Will arrive, eating just across from him, and moaning slightly on the flavors of their food, his clothes clinging on to him like a second skin.

“And it has come to my attention, that I want to have sex with you as well.”

Will’s breath hitched, his pupils started to widen when a wave of arousal hits him. “Yeah?” he asked, excited yet skeptical. Praying that the older man, who is practically sex on legs is not shitting on him.

“Yes.” Hannibal confirmed with a nod

“Good.”

Will threw out the wine glass not caring if it hit something, and practically shoved the older man on to the wall and kissed him, tongues battling for dominance. Will pulls out, disheveled, his lips swollen red from all the kissing and nipping Hannibal has made. The younger doctor trailed his hands on to Hannibal’s pants and cupped the erection clearly present.

“Fuck.” Will whispered as he took on the size of the man.

Hannibal grinned lifting Will off to the ground “Fuck indeed.”

Chapter End Notes

Raise your hands if you can't wait for the smut?! Sorry if it came a bit rush but I just have to write it before I forget :3 Hope you still enjoy it :3

Careful

Chapter Notes

> As you guys are so excited about the smut, here it is! Enjoy!!! This is the first time I'm writing smut alone, so... yeah~ Not my best, but hopefully, it will appease you :3

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal groaned as Will pushed him on to the nearest wall with so much force once they made it to the older doctor's room. Graham attacked Hannibal's neck, rubbing his clothed erection to the older man, moaning wantonly at the friction.

"Gods, I want your dick so bad." Will moaned, sliding his knees to Hannibal's, parting the latters leg and rubbing on to the erection that the older man has "Fuck me Hannibal." he asked, nipping on to the older man's neck "Please boss, please fill me with your hot cum."

Hannibal pulled Will on his neck before smashing their lips together. The older doctor has never felt this much heat from his past lovers, his insides feels so hot and his heart pounding on his ears. All he wants is to take Will, fuck him raw until the man screams his name. But alas, he was a gentleman thru and thru, and with great reluctance; he pulled out on the heated kiss, pushing Will softly.

Will groaned at the loss of contact, leaning again to Hannibal's heat but the older man just pushed him again.

"You're doing it again." Graham moaned, his cock already stiff from the hot make-out session with Hannibal

"Doing what."

"Giving me the blue balls!" Will exclaimed, exasperated. He backed down on to Hannibal's bed and plopped down "Why are you so hot and cold."

Hannibal chuckled at the younger doctor's frustration. The younger doctor huffed, closing his eyes, using every will power he had so his erection could vanish. Hannibal took pity on Will, and he started to unbutton his shirt, randomly throwing it away. He unbuckled his pants and shrugged it away with his underwear. He quietly made his way to Will, straddling him as he does so.

Will felt the dip on the bed and opened his eyes. The younger doctor was caught off guard to say the least; his jaw slackens as he drinks the sight of Hannibal naked, his skin glowing and looking ethereal with the light from the moon. His eyes roamed the broad shoulders to the hairy chest and down to the older man's weeping cock. Will could feel his saliva trickling from his mouth, and he was sure as hell that his pupils are blown from lust.

"Wha…?"

"I don't want to fuck you on my wall, when I have a perfectly soft bed?" Hannibal smirked, tilting his head "Bad for my back and things older men feel. Plus, I want it to be slow, so you could feel every inch of me."

Will moaned, lifting himself up so that Hannibal was sitting on him instead.

"You are not old." Will whispered "You are perfect. My perfect sex on legs doctor."

Hannibal hissed as Will's hand found his cock and started pumping languidly. Will looked at him with half lidded eyes, licking his suddenly dry lips.

"Can you please, please, fuck me now Doctor Lecter." Graham whined, lifting his hips so that his clothed cock brushed up to Hannibal's ass "Pretty please, with me on top?"

"I prefer you underneath me."

Hannibal practically ripped Will's shirt, throwing them to god knows where, unbuttoning and pulling off Will's tight-tight jeans. His mouth watered at the knowledge that the younger man has no underwear, Will's weeping cock presented on him instantaneously.

"You are expecting this."

"I'm hoping… not expecting." was all Will said before attacking the older man's lips once again, nipping and sucking until Hannibal's mouth is swollen.

Hannibal kissed Will's neck, trailing down on to his chest and his quivering belly, worshiping the younger man's body. He stopped at Will's sex, smelling the musk already present. He gave an experimental lick and was gifted with a hiss from Will. Without further ado, he swallowed the man's cock, slightly choking at its length.

Will's hands flew to Hannibal's light hair, gripping as the man returns the gift he gave him on 411. He could feel Hannibal's wet tongue, swirling on his cock, his face hollowing, sucking him as he milks Will with his seeds. Gods, where did the good doctor learn to do just that?

Hannibal removed his mouth on to Will's dick, and proceeded to lick the latter's balls, pumping the man's cock as he does so. Will could already feel the tight coiling on his stomach signaling his impending ejaculation.

"So… ah… so close… Han… Hanni." Graham moaned, as the older doctor swallowed him whole again. With one final suck, Will came, spilling his seeds on to Hannibal's awaiting mouth.

Hannibal swallowed everything Will has given, swirling his tongue on the head of Will's dick so that he won't miss anything.

Will looked at Hannibal, his chest heaving from his orgasm and smiled at Hannibal's look. He was so different from his persona as the chief surgeon in Johns Hopkins; his prim and proper nature is stripped off and became undone. Will can't help but claim the older man's lips once again, tasting himself from Hannibal's mouth.

“Fuck, you’re so hot.” Will whispered, encircling his arms on to Hannibal’s neck, feeling slightly sleepy on his euphoria

“We’re not done yet my dear Will.” Hannibal growled, pushing Will back on to the bed “I haven’t had my orgasm yet, and I want it to be inside you.” the older doctor leaned on to Will, nipping on to the Will’s neck “I’ll fuck you so hard, you would feel my dick for days.”

Will moaned, shivering at the underlying promise from the doctor’s tone.

“Promises, promises.” He teased, rolling his hips on to Hannibal’s erection, making the older man moan.

“Fucking tease.”

Hannibal reached out on the bed side table, taking the familiar bottle of lube that has been a constant neighbor since his wet dream about Will, the very same man underneath him, looking seductively at him.

“Chop chop, doctor Lecter.”

Hannibal slapped the younger man on his thigh for his cheekiness, which earned him a laugh.

“Oh come one Hannibal! Can’t you take an… Oh!” he moaned as a lone finger thrust up on his hole in one swift motion

“You were saying?”

“Oh gods, do it again.”

And Hannibal complied, thrusting his fingers in and out of Will's quivering hole. He added another one, thrusting deeper and hitting Will's prostate. Will arched his back as he see stars from the assault.

"Oh! Oh fuck!" and he swore that his dick is getting hard again

Hannibal repeated his ministrations, adding a third one so Will could accommodate his size when he fucks him.

"Please… oh Please, I want your dick Han. Please."

With one last shove, Hannibal pulled out his digits and poured lube on his throbbing cock. He aligned himself on tow Will's hole, the latter presenting himself wantonly on to the older man, opening his legs further to show his puckering hole.

Hannibal slowly inserted the cock on to Will's hole, making the younger man groan.

"Oh come on!"

With a huff, Hannibal sheathed the whole of his sex making Will and him moan simultaneously. Hannibal huffed, his breath puffing. Every fiber of his being wants to pound on to Will like a crazy animal, yet the saner part of him wants to take Will slowly, intimately. The latter won.

Once Will's quivering subsides, Hannibal moved slowly, pushing past Will's walls before pulling out and pushing in once again.

Will arched his back, moaning as Hannibal takes him with so much care and love, one that lovers share. Hannibal is making love to him, and not just random fucks that he was used to.

Hannibal took one of his hands, intertwining their finger while the other is on his hips, guiding the older man as he continues his ministrations.

“Hanni… Hannibal… ah…” he clenched his hole on to Hannibal’s cock, urging the older man to paint his walls with his white seeds.

Hannibal’s thrust became harder as Will continues to clench on his cock, the friction making him loose control. He knows he wouldn’t last long, and so he started to pump Will’s cock, wanting the younger man cum with him.

“Ha-Hanni… oh shit!” Will came for the second time that night, arching his back and a curve that may as well resemble a bow; his mouth opens on a silent scream.

Hannibal followed not a second later, grunting Will’s name as he spills his seeds on to Will’s hungry hole. Will could feel the hot cum, shooting, and filling him to the brim.

Hannibal rode on to his orgasm, his body twitching ever so slightly. He braced himself, arms beside Will’s face, avoiding squishing the younger man. They were quiet for a moment, relishing the feel of each other. Will leaned in closer so that he could give Hannibal a peck on the lips.

“That’s the best sex that I ever had.” He admitted

“It better be.” Hannibal huffed, sliding off of Will.

The younger man groaned at the loss, feeling Hannibal’s cum slipping off of him, the warm liquid painting his thighs. Will hummed, looking at Hannibal’s sanguine eyes, touching his chest.

“Hmm, maybe we should do an encore. Just to be sure.” Will said, his face serious as he tried to sit down

Hannibal laughed, pushing Will on his back again, attacking him with tickles and kisses.

Chapter End Notes

Just like you requested doll, INTIMATE~!!! Just a couple of Chapters to go :3

Covetous

Chapter Notes

For Extinction. Hope this chapter inspires you doll XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hey baby, I'm getting hard by just looking at you - WG

Hannibal choked on his coffee when he sees the message. He began coughing and wheezing as the liquid passed thru the wrong tube.

"Are you okay, Chief?" Abigail asked

Hannibal almost flinched but controlled his impulses "Yes, continue." he cleared his throat and motioned for her intern to continue

They were in the middle of a presentation, a new case has come to Johns Hopkins, fell on the lap of the chief because of its rarity; a double heart aneurism on a ten years old girl, a complication one find to be for the books. But Hannibal can't concentrate on the case, well for any case in that matter for almost two weeks. After they had sex (so many times on so many surfaces he might add), they have barely seen each other. It's as if the workload in the hospital has doubled, and suddenly extreme rare cases falls into his lap. In turn, Will had became obsessed with sending him lewd messages, even sending him nude pictures, which made his eyes widen. His once usually unlocked phone is now

Another freaky thing that has happened the last few weeks is about the nurses. His beloved nurses, have started to give him secret smiles whenever he passes by, some are even winking at him and even started calling him chief Graham. He could also swear that he saw some money being exchanged while he was walking on the corridors. He tried asking Beverly about it, but the head nurse just smiled her evil smile and told him not to worry about it, which made him worry.

His musing was once again interrupted with the familiar buzz of his phone. Will has becoming insistent this time, sending one… two... three messages if he counted it right.

“Mr. Boyle, we would do anything to save your daughter, though we cannot promise you her chances of survival, as it is an extremely rare case.” Hannibal said, addressing the father of the ten year old child “But Cassie is a string girl, aren’t you Cassie?” his voice is soft as he addressed the sick child “Were going to pull thru this won’t we Cassie.”

“Yes Doctor Hanni!”

The chief smiled, patting the strong young girl on the head before giving a nod to Mr. Boyle and leaving the room, his intern following him dutifully. His phone buzzed again, and he sighed exasperatedly making Abigail giggle.

“Go and be with Doctor Will. I’m betting he is as frustrated as you are.”

Hannibal gave her a sharp glare before opening the five messages that he had from Will. As soon as he saw the message, he immediately locked his phone and blushed. Abigail stared at him for a few moments before putting in the pieces.

“Are you… oh my gosh!” Abigail realized what the messages may have contained “Holy Shit! Are you guys sexting?!” she hissed the last word, looking at the people around them, making sure that nobody heard.

Lecter suddenly pulled the intern on the nearest empty room and locked the door, securing that no nurses or any of his colleagues saw them.

“You will not tell anybody what you have realized and I will deny any allegation that may be thrown to me, is that understood Doctor Hobbs?”

Abigail opened her mouth but stopped when she saw how serious the man is “Yes sir, I do.”

“It better stay that way.” was all Hannibal said before he made a beeline on the cardiothoracic head of Johns Hopkins.

Doctor Will Graham was sporting a smirk when Hannibal found him, sitting on his chair on his office.

“Hello baby.” he purred, his eyelids lowered as he stares at the chief.

Hannibal closed the door of his former office, taking the shades down and making sure that nobody saw where he went before walking to the younger doctor.

“You really have to stop distracting me William.” he said, leaning in to the younger man to give him a chaste kiss “I have complicated cases to attend to.”

“But I miss you babe, so much.” Will replied pulling on the older doctor by his necktie, crashing his lips on to his. Will bit on to Hannibal’s pouty lips making the older man gasped, he plunged his tongue moaning as he savor the familiar taste of the older man.

“Will, were in the hospital.” Hannibal pulled out from the kiss but the younger doctor continued to pepper kiss him on his neck

“Everyone knows were screwing each other like a bunnies in heat, so what if I try to talk a little dirty with my boyfriend on the phone.”

“We haven’t established that were together William.” Hannibal rolled his eyes, backing off from the younger doctor. It is true, they haven’t named their relationship yet but they have a silent agreement that they are ‘”dating”… somehow.

“I like you but you are such a pervert I can’t help but think that you just want me for my body.” He was not serious though. He sat down at the far end couch and closed his eyes. He

knows that he didn't have to wait until Will would come to him and did what he promised on those text.

I'll ride your dick so hard, it might get stuck on my ass. – WG

Oh baby, I can still feel your ass on my hand, your cock on my hole filling me with your creamy cum. – WG

How would you like me on a thong or a lacy panty? Maybe I should borrow a nurse's outfit. – WG

I'm in my office, waiting. Tick Tock baby. – WG

- this is a fucking line -

Mischa Lecter is Doctor Hannibal's sister and his only remaining family as of last year, when their aunt and uncle has passed away, holding hands on their sleep. And so she decided to stay in Paris, studying art as she lived on their ancestral home alone while her brother flourishes in the States. But a call from one of their close friends that Hannibal has finally decided to date with another doctor. Some guy named Will Graham who became one of the youngest Cardiothoracic Head in Johns Hopkins, replacing her brother. So she decided to take a vacation as soon as the semester ends and flew to Baltimore to sniff out this man and also to visit her brother.

"Well hot damn, the guy is oozing sex." she told herself as soon as she spots Will walking with Beverly, talking about something about a patient.

"Well aren't you glad I called for you." Bedelia replied, her face splitting on to a smirk

Bedelia was the one who picked Mischa up from the airport and even organized her stay on the female doctor's house. After all, she only has a couple of days off before she flies back to France.

“Yes, yes I know, we have good genes.”

“Wow Bee, still obnoxious as ever.”

“I try.” was the smart ass retort, “Now go have your fun and make sure your brother sees you first.”

Mischa gave Bedelia a kiss on the cheek before striding on to Hannibal’s office. She has to make an appearance to her brother first before anything else. Lucky her, Hannibal is on his office and was typing something on his laptop.

“Wow, you do look chiefly in this office.”

Hannibal’s head whipped up a smile forming on his lips as he saw his sister on his door.

“Mish!” he exclaimed, walking towards his sister and enveloping her in a hug

“Hey Hanni.” she returned his hug just as strong as his “I missed you so much big brother.”

“I missed you too.” Hannibal pulled out “Why are you here? Not that I don’t like you here but…”

“My trip is so sudden, yes I know. But a little birdie has told me that you gots yourselfs a boyfie.” She wiggled her eyebrow on him “I feel so proud that you have yourself somebody.”

“Were not together yet.”

“Right, you’re just banging each other?”

Hannibal blushed but did not deem to answer her question. “Walk with me?”

Mischa just smirked but nodded anyway. They passed by thru several nurses who nodded at them, some who recognized Mischa gave her a hug and a welcome back, even asking her for drinks which she gladly accept.

“My my my, who is that hot bod?” the female Lecter asked, suddenly stopping and patently ogling at Will, who is writing something on a chart on a nurses’ station. “Yum.”

Hannibal followed her eyes only to find his semi-boyfriend. His heart gave a strange beat, suddenly he feels so angry “That Mischa Ilona is William Graham.” Hannibal replied tightly “Let’s move on.”

Mischa turned on to her brother with a raised eyebrow “Ooh, is he your fuck buddy?”

“Don’t be crass.”

“Whatever, since he’s not off limits, I’ll go and talk to him.” But before Hannibal could stop her, she was already striding on to Will.

Hannibal watched the two interacted, confident that Will won’t replace him with his sister. Wait what? Why would he care? They are not together; they are just two people having sex. But does he feel… jealous?

“Hey, handsome. I haven’t seen you here before.”

Will smiled at her politely, such a pretty girl, she almost looks like his baby but *his* Hanni’s eyes are much more red like shinning rubies in fire. “Yes, its my second month here. Though, I have yet to see you here.” he replied “Dr. William Graham, Cardio.”

“Mischa, I don’t work here but my brother does.” the female Lecter leaned on to the table, brushing her hair and tucking it on her ear.

‘Classic Mischa flirting.’ Hannibal thought. He’ll let it slide, but… did she just!

Mischa is leaning on to Will, her breast practically brushing on to Will as she whispered something making the man blush and touch his ear. The female Lecter gave him a sultry smile, giving Hannibal a side-glance before taking Will’s necktie and twirling it on her hand.

‘Fuck it, that’s MY WILLIAM!’ Hannibal strode on to his sister, slapping her hand away from Will and grabbed on to the younger man’s neck, smashing their lips together.

The busy hallway suddenly became quiet, Will struggling at first but returned the kiss with much fervor after a few seconds. Mischa was standing at the side, a gleeful smile on her face. Several phones are out as they snap a shot or even video taped the free make-out session between their two most beloved doctors.

“Finally!”

“Pay up asshole!”

The nurses are buzzing with excitement; money being exchanged and several female doctors are cooing, hell some of the patients are giving each other high fives. When the two pulled apart, the whole floor erupted with applause and whistles, making Will blush and hide on to the older doctor’s chest.

“Not your boyfriend huh.” Mischa said with a condescending tone “Care to share? After all, sharing is caring especially on family.”

Hannibal growled taking a possessive grip on to Will. He won't share, not in a million years! Will is his own perverted, blue-eyed doctor and he WON'T FUCKING SHARE!

"No."

"But Hanni, we always share!" Mischa whined, "You are so mean!"

Hannibal's eyebrow twitched, he was about to say something nasty when he catches a glimpse of a familiar brown hair.

"You know what... Brown! Come here!" the nurse addressed to stop on his tracks. He pointed on to himself before detouring at the doctor. "This is Matthew Brown, Nurse Brown, this is Mischa Lecter, my sister." was the hasty introduction before practically throwing Brown on to Mischa "Here's your quiet brown haired lover boy, now don't touch mine!"

Matthew blinked, no idea on what is happening. Mischa gave her a once over and smiled, this guy is hot as well, not as good looking as Will but damn, by the looks of his arms the guy must have a seriously nice body.

"Okay, I'll take him." was all that the female Lecter said before grabbing on to the innocent nurse and dragging him out.

Once sure that his sister is gone, he turned on to the younger doctor in his arms, now sporting a sly smirk on his face.

"Your brown haired lover boy, huh."

"Yes, and don't you forget that."

Will was quiet for a bit as if contemplating on his next words, before blurting. "So… does this mean we get to have sex in the on call room?"

“No.” Hannibal gave the younger doctor a peck on the lips before addressing the whole room “What the hell are you staring at people? Drama’s over, we have lives to save. Get back to work!”

Chapter End Notes

Writing blind, just seriously. I only have a concept of the chapter but I made things as I go, so I apologise for some mistakes, and I hope you enjoy :3

Cold

Chapter Notes

For Extinction and our many Hannigram babies XD

See the end of the chapter for more notes

It started with a sneeze. Hannibal thought it was nothing but proceeded to work instead, Will frowned at the decision of the older man but Hannibal is insistent. It only got worse when Hannibal started coughing later that afternoon, his nose running and a pounding headache already setting on his head.

“Han… are you okay?” Will asked, concerned that his boyfriend is starting to get a red. He touched the older man’s forehead and gasped when Hannibal has a very high fever “Hannibal! You’re this sick and yet you’re still working.”

William stood up from the couch on the chief’s office where they are currently staying; taking a thermometer that he knows the doctor is keeping.

“Come on love, let’s get your temperature.” He ordered, sticking the instrument on Hannibal’s mouth. The older doctor groaned but complied nonetheless. The thermometer beeped, signifying the minute is over, Will check in on the temperature. He gasped at the blaring 104**°.** “Hanni, we have to get you home. You’re fever is running and I don’t think you could stay here.”

Hannibal groaned, covering his face. “But William, I have stuff to do, I can’t just leave them. I have patients as well and surgery to prep to. I can’t just leave.” He was persistent, although he already knew that there’s no going back to work. At least he got to try.

“You… are a stupid doctor. You’ll spread your cold, making your patients worse.” Will huffed, tugging on to the older man to stand up. “Come on babe, I’ll get you home. Might as well take a day off.”

“Will…”

“I’ll stay with you Han. I know how stupid you could get sometimes and I don’t even think you could make it to your car anyway.” Will was equally stubborn as his boyfriend, and he knows that he will win this one. He texted Beverly, informing her that Doctor Lecter and him would be taking a day off, and that Doctor Lecter would be indisposed for the time being because he is legitimately sick.

The younger doctor hauls Hannibal up; tempted to use a gurney because of how the older doctor was doing, protesting like a little kid who failed to get his candy. Sighing, he made his way to his car, pocketing Hannibal’s keys and practically throwing Lecter on to the back seat.

“Stay and be quiet.”

Hannibal rolled his eyes, making his head pound. That was not a good idea and he won’t be doing it again. Hannibal groaned, clutching on to his head making Will chuckle. Seriously, Hannibal is an accomplished doctor and yet he’s acting like everything he learned from Med School disappear like a bubble.

“Will… I don’t really feel good.” Hannibal moaned

“Just a bit more honey, we’ll be at your place in a bit.”

The younger doctor was answered by a groan, and Will can’t help but feel sorry for the man. He has always seen Hannibal as a strong doctor, and seeing him like this, feverish and somewhat delusional already is breaking his heart. He doesn’t even know how to comfort him at that moment, can’t hug his lover and tell him that its okay because he must be the adult now and drive his baby home.

Will made a screeching park at Hannibal’s curb once they have made him in the older man’s house. He killed the engine off, taking his bag from the driver seat and walking to the backseat, hauling his lover up.

“Come here baby, hold on to me.”

Hannibal was half conscious but followed the sound of Will’s voice. He tried very hard to stand up but its as if all his strength has left him, stumbling on to Will as a result.

“Sorry.” he murmurs and then shivers as the wind hits him “Co-Cold.”

Will’s heart breaks, face filled with worry. He grabbed on to Hannibal’s waist, steadying him.

“I got you baby. Hold on.”

With a few tugs, hauling and a lot of cursing, Will has somehow managed to secure Hannibal on his bed and got him redressed. Hannibal is burning up, shivering even though a comforter covers him. Will made sure that he was settled, before making a cold sponge bath of alcohol, water and ice, to lower his temperature. He knew that Hannibal was stressed for a couple of weeks now, but his lover doesn’t want to show it to him. Will had rolled his eyes at that. He’s practically living in with Hannibal and the man expects him to be oblivious about it.

He had already given him medicine right before his lover has fallen asleep, he gave him a kiss on his hand, murmuring that he would be in the kitchen to make him some soup. He would check on to Hannibal in a few hours to monitor his temperature. While it is true that they were already in the hospital and that he could just admit the man in there, he doubts that the nurses would do their job once they found out that their precious baby doctor is sick, hell, he might not even concentrate himself. Its best that he has him home, where he could take care of him, just like a wife would do.

Will paused, his mind whirling at the thought that suddenly hit him. A wife? How could he think that he and Hannibal… No. His Hannibal is sick and he can mother hen him. That’s just

it, he is worried about his love and that is making him think like an idiot. He shook his head and proceeded to the kitchen, chuckling to himself. Wife? Please. Though something hopeful has bubbled on to his chest.

- this is a fucking line -

Hannibal felt heavy; his eyelids are a chore to open. He felt stuffy and cold, and it's really hard to think.

"Will…" he croaked, his throat a bit scratchy, but he tries again "William."

A shuffle of foot and a warm hand on to his cold one, Hannibal sighed in relief as the familiar view of his boyfriend painted his sight.

"Hey baby, I'm here."

Hannibal groaned, gripping on to Will's hand as if he was afraid that the younger man would leave him. He wants to talk but it came out as a cough. This made Will bustle with worry, getting the glass of water with a straw in it and pushed it to Lecter.

"Drink."

The older man complied, drinking as much as he needed, before resting his head once more.

"William… Bed."

Will frowned, shushing his lover and ordering him to get back to sleep. But of course, Hannibal being the stubborn man that he is refuses to, instead, he started tugging on Will and shifting on to his bed.

"Come here." He insisted, "Hmnot contagious."

Will rolled his eyes at the comment "I know, I'm a doctor too you know." He said, but obliged his lover nonetheless.

He lay beside him, hugging him thru the comforter. He doesn't want to risk a sweep of cold air to lick on to Hannibal's skin.

"Better?"

"Much."

They were quiet for a while, with Will and Hannibal staring at each other like they are the most interesting specimens in the whole world. It was domestic and comforting, and Will found himself to be enjoying, just watching Hannibal watch him, which should be creepy. But he doesn't care. He wants Hannibal the moment he laid his eyes on him, and not just a one night stand or some random fuck that he could have while he is in Baltimore.

He honestly thinks that Hannibal and him could be something more, more than what they are today. He could see himself waking each day with Hannibal in his arms, with those sanguine

eyes staring at him. He could really…

“Marry me.” Hannibal suddenly said, face flushed with fever but expression serious as a heart attack.

“What?!” Will suddenly stood up, staring at Hannibal like the man has lost his mind, or has possibly read his. He can’t be asking what he thinks he’s asking because a) he has a fever and b) HE HAS A FEVER!

“Marry me.” Hannibal repeated, as if exasperated that Will has to make him repeat his statement.

Will was stunned, speechless at the proclamation. He stares at Hannibal, mouth agape at shock. He tries to form words from his brilliant mind for some sort of retort but came up with nothing. His mind is blank for that first time, and that should probably scare him, but he can’t because he is too numb to care.

“But we’ve only been dating for…” his brain finally started to kick in, trying to reason out to his lover. It’s not that he doesn’t want to marry the man, because he does, but because he doesn’t know whether Hannibal is delusional right now and that it’s the fever talking and that after all this has passed, he would forget what has happened. He doesn’t want to get his hopes up, because to be honest, he is afraid that Hannibal might forget what has happened.

“I don’t care. I know it’s you, you’re my soul mate and I don’t care if we’ve only been dating for a couple of months. Marry me.”

Will felt like crying, too conflicted on his thoughts and Hannibal’s words. But before Will could even reply, his lover is already sleeping soundly, their hands intertwined together, leaving him on a very tight and unresolved situation.

\- *this is a fucking line* –

Hannibal has gotten better after a few days. Neither of them has spoken about Hannibal’s delirious proposal. Abigail and Bedelia have visited them for a bit, bringing fruits and of course paper works. Will was updated daily by his interns with his patients and thankful that some of the cardio doctors have managed not to butcher some of them up.

Administrative matters fell on to Bedelia’s shoulder and the woman has taken her temporary job seriously. Hannibal was both thankful and scared of that, since he doesn’t know how serious Bedelia has gotten.

Will was hopeful at first, but as the days pass by without an utterance of a word of marriage from his boyfriend, Will chucked it up on to Hannibal’s fever. That was until Hannibal went on to his office late at night, with some homemade food and wine. They seldom eat together

now that their shifts has started to change and the amount of patients walking in on their hospital has doubled, but they make it a point to at the very least have dinner together.

It was a treat to eat Hannibal's meal, more so that they are eating together. And the wine that he brought is simply divine, and goes well with the pasta that he has made. Will was leaning on his chair, eyes glazed with a glass of wine in hand when suddenly; Hannibal placed a blue box in front of him. Said box happens to have a shining with a silver band with a single red diamond in the middle.

Will stared at it, his eyes blinking rapidly at the sight of the jewelry. He looked at Hannibal, then to the ring and then back to Hannibal.

"Wha… Han… wha?"

Hannibal smirked, raising a nonexistent eyebrow. It was so funny to watch Will became speechless, his reaction priceless.

"What? You think I forgot?"

"But I thought you were just having a delirious moment. You were sick, had a sky rocketing fever." Will was shaking; his hands were shaking making him place the glass of wine to his table. Oh, he is fucking sober now.

Hannibal chuckled, standing up so he could cross on to the table and face Will, crouching down and holding his lover's hand. He gave each and every digit a chaste kiss, calming them down, before looking up at his William's blue eyes.

"No. So now that you can see the ring, will you finally say yes?"

Will is crying and he knows that, he can feel the tears dripping on his cheek, and before he knows it, he threw himself to his lover hugging him and screaming…

"Yes!"

Chapter End Notes

One more chapter to go... I was thinking of doing a double update but meeeehhh~ let's see :3 I hope you like it :3

Complete

Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for notes

Hannibal stares at the ring in his hand, sighing dejectedly while nursing some wine. They had a fight, a huge one because of work, or rather because of how much they love their work. It has been five years since they had gotten together and though they had fights before, this is the biggest as of yet.

Will's name has been ringing on the medical society and Hannibal was never been more proud of him. But things got worse when Will received a call from Saint Thomas in England, offering him a three year contract where he could create a study about heart murmurs and how they could avoid it from pre-natal stages along with a position on their faculty. Will was overwhelmed and he can't help but say yes without telling Hannibal, after all he talked with the Dean of Johns Hopkins and said that his position would still be his if he wishes to return after three years.

Which made it a problem because Hannibal found it with Abigail, who managed to slip up. Hannibal was furious of course, especially when Will has made the decision by himself. They talk about compromise and how it will affect them. Will suggested that Hannibal go with him, but the latter can't leave Baltimore of course, not with him being the Head of Surgery as well as being groomed as the next Dean of Medicine. And then their simple talk became a huge argument that blows out of proportions and before he knows it, he saw Will packing his bags and throwing the ring on his face.

Hannibal sighed once more, annoyed more to himself than at Will. He was supposed to be the calm one, but the feeling of being left alone is catastrophic that he lost himself and now he is paying for it. He gave another sip on his drink when his phone rang. He looked at the caller ID and groaned. He was half tempted on declining it, but Mischa will kill him, literally.

"Hello?"

"*Hannibal Lecter, you come and get your husband right this instant!*" Mischa's voice shrilled from the other end of the phone

Hannibal winced at his sister's voice, but felt glad that at least Will is on a very safe environment. The older doctor stared at the engagement ring on his hand, the one that he had bought for himself, chosen because of how he sees Will. His very first promise of forever with his beloved, and it hurts more than William throwing their wedding ring.

"How is he Mischa?" he asked, trying to control the worry on his voice, but he cannot.

"*How is he? How is he?!*" this time Hannibal just placed his phone on speaker, fearing for his impending deafness. "*He's been sulking on my couch for three days. And if you could remember, Matty and I were just married for two weeks! I don't want my brother in law sulking on my couch, watching some stupid Korean drama on my flat screen!*"

Mischa paused, making Hannibal mull over the words of his sister. His William is sad and that is breaking his heart.

"*Please Han, he's not eating and he cries at night. I'll try and trick him on going there but please, don't let him go*." And then the line went dead. Hannibal had no say on their conversation; as if Mischa already knows the words that he would be saying.

He took one last swing on his wine and stared at his husband's engagement ring before grabbing his glass and phone. Will is going back home and he has dinner to prepare.

- this is a fucking line -

Three hours has passed, the pasta has already been rested and cooked to perfection, along with some of Will's favorite dishes when the doorbell rang. He let the meat rest, wiping his hand on his apron when he answered the door.

As soon as he opened the door, he was assaulted with a blur of brown hair, almost toppling him over. He was a bit shocked but when he saw the familiar curls of his husband, he smiled and hugged him back. He saw his sister on her car, giving him a pointed glare. He nodded and mouthed a thank you, which earned him a smile, before the female Lecter left.

“Hanni… I’m so sorry Hanni.” Will kept on murmuring on his chest, his shirt starting to stain with Will’s tears

“Hush now Will, let’s get you inside first.” Hannibal murmured in to his husband’s hair, but he held him tighter, closing the door as he guides his husband on the sitting room, dinner can wait.

Mischa must have given him the blunt talk, where she stabs you with the cold hard truth; it was not a wonder why Will is a sobbing mess.

“Honey, look at me baby please.” Hannibal cooed, coaxing his husband to look at him. His heart broke when he saw the Will’s blue eyes rimmed with red from crying “Oh baby.”

The word of endearment made Will sob more, it was heartbreaking. Mischa must have said something to his husband that made him loose himself like this. He will extract that information some other time, but tonight, he will do nothing more that assure him and comfort his husband.

“Stop crying baby.” He cooed, wiping away the tears from Will’s eyes “You’re supposed to be the strong one, please baby you’re breaking my heart.”

Will started hiccupping, but tried to stop himself from crying. “Ha- Hanni. Please don’t leave me.”

The revelation made Hannibal frown, isn’t it Will who is supposed to be heading off to England?

“I won’t leave you Will, you know that.”

“But you-you might if I head off to England. You might find-find someone else. Oh please no Hanni!” and that resulted on to another wave of tears.

‘Mischa.’ He mentally growled. His sister must have over sold the tricking part. He shushed Will once more, letting the younger doctor curl on his chest. “Come now Will, you know it is not the truth. I promised you a forever right?” he held up Will’s face and kissed him on his lips, short and sweet.

Will merely nodded, and tried to control himself “I… I called Saint Thomas.” He started, sniffing a bit “I turned their offer down. I can’t loose you, I can’t even think of loosing you.”

Hannibal froze, staring at his husband like he grew another head. Will has turned down the career that he has been dreaming of, one that would place his name on the map of the cardiothoracic world, all because he was afraid of loosing Hannibal.

“William.” He breathed, such sacrifice his husband has made just for him, and that made him feel guilty beyond words. “Take the job. Please baby, its just three years.”

“But…”

“You won’t be leaving me. We’ll find a way from this, till death do us part remember?”

- this is a fucking line -

They made love after dinner, and the day after that, and the next day. Hannibal has called a week off from work, which was granted easily. His husband would be leaving for England after all, and they won’t be seeing each other for quite some time, and so the hospital gave them some leniency.

Hannibal placed Will’s engagement ring back where it belongs, his husband’s finger, kissing it and making another promise, before Will’s flight. It is heartbreaking yet Hannibal believes that the heart will grow fonder when they are away or something like that. He stared at Will’s retreating back, the man giving one final wave before he went in on the international airport. As soon as he cannot see the familiar curls he started to sob. The countdown to three years has already begun.

- this is the last fucking line -

Doctor William Graham-Lecter was given a commendation on the world of medicine for his hard work and dedication. He has been working non-stop for he past two years and with the help of his team made a breakthrough in the world if medicine. Hannibal couldn't be more proud. He stares at his wedding ring, a reminder that he would only wait for about a year before his now "rock star" husband returns on to his arm.

Hannibal in turn has become the Dean of Medicine, which means he is everybody's boss, making Abigail puff her chest whenever the name of the doctor is mentioned. She is, after all his protégé. The young doctor is now one of the residents of the hospital, on her way to her fellowship in… no surprise, cardiothoracic surgery, and Hannibal is equally proud of her accomplishments.

In the span of two years, the Lecter-Brown family has gained its angel, Marie Castiel Lecter-Brown, Mischa and Matthew's baby girl and Hannibal's niece. He knows that Marie already ensnared him as soon as Mischa placed her in to her brother's arms. The Brown family already knows that Hannibal would be spoiling his niece rotten.

He was mulling, staring at his window, wishing that Will was already home, when his door suddenly opens then shuts.

"I told you Bee, the budget for your research is not for me to decide." He said, not even looking at his visitor. Bedelia is the only doctor or rather the only person who has the guts to enter his office without any appointment or even knocking.

"I think I have already spent so many hours in researching and if I spent another day on a lab, I will kill myself."

Sanguine eyes widen when a familiar voice floated in the air. Hannibal turned around and gasped, his heart beating fast and a bright smile already painting his face.

"William."

Chapter End Notes

And they lived happily ever after... the end.

End Notes

I'm planning a five chapter release of this shizz, if my schedule would cooperate with me. Otherwise, please tell me if its good or bad *crosses fingers*. I know its a bit out of character and my grammar sucks but this is all for my admiration of the crazy that is Extinction :3

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